

B  
Barne  
' May 159

*AND PARTHENOP&E.*  
ELEGIES. 431



How many have those conquering eyes  
subdued ! How many vanquished captives to  
thine heart I Head iron-hearted Captains  
(when they viewed) Were drawn, till they  
were wounded with thy dart! O when, I, their  
haired bodies have beheld, Their martial  
stomachs, and oft-wounded face; Which  
bitter tumults and garboils foretelled;  
In which, It seemed they found no coward's  
place: Then, I recalled how far Love's power  
exceeds, Above the bloody menace of rough  
war! Where every wounded heart close  
inward bleeds; And sudden pierced, with the  
twinkling of a star ! Then (when such iron-  
hearted Captains be, To thine heart's  
Bulwark, forced for to try  
Which way to win that Fort by battery ;  
And how all Conquerors, there conquered  
lie!) Methinks, thine heart, or else thine eyes  
be made  
(Because they can such iron objects force)  
Of hardest adamant! that men (which laid  
Continual siege) be thrall'd, without  
remorse.  
Thine heart, of adamant ! because it  
takes The hardest hearts, drawn  
prisoners unto thine.  
Thine eye ! because it, wounded many  
makes,  
Yet no transpiercing beams can pierce those  
eyne !  
Thine heart of adamant, which none can  
wound !  
Thine eye of adamant, unpierced found!